

## [Henry Young]

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Folk Stuff - Range lore

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Rangelore.

Tarrant Co,.Dist,.#7 [34?]

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Henry Young, 72, was born Feb, 24, 1865, at Austin, Travis Co, Texas. His father was Charles J. Young. He now lives at Old folks Home Tarrant Co.

Young's family moved to Coryell Co, in the year 1870. Four years later he ran away from home and went to Colorado City, Texas. There he secured work on the ['CA\_?'] ranch, owned by Bill Adair, which was located West of the town. He remained there for four years.

He returned home after his four years stay on the ['CA\_?'] ranch and then engaged in gathering herds for Captain Mosby, which were driven to Kansas market points. This work he did for five years.

He ended his range career after making a drive of 5,000 head of cattle to the Little Powder Horn River district of Montana.

His story of range life follows:

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"My father's name was Charles J. Young. He moved from Knetucy to Texas at the close of the Civil War and we lived in Austin, Travis Co, for a time. He lollowed painting for a livelihood.

"I was born at Austin, Feb, 24 1865, and when I was five years old dad loaded the family into a covered wagon, hauled by a team of horses, and started out to look for a new location. He wanted to build a home on a piece of land and rear the family of a farm. There were three of us one gril and two boys.

"We drifted around the country for about a month, then landed in Coryell Co, 12 miles West of Gatesville.

"Father settled on a piece of land and set to get [?] some cattle. That section was a free range and critters everywhere. During the time father was getting his [?] he worked for various ranches in that locality.

"I was so set on getting started to work [?]

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the hankering caused me to jump dad's corrall, just as I was reaching my tenth year, and about the time he was ready to start getting a herd of critters together. We had few saddle hosses and other things fixed to handle cattle.

"One night I filled a 50 pound flour sack half full of chuck and some clothes, sneaked a hoss out of the pen, put a pigskin saddle on it and rod away, headed Northwest. I was certain that dad would trail me and fetch me home if he caught up with me. So I hid out during the day and did my riding at night. I used the North Star and a forked stick to keep my bearings. That way I did not get turned around and kept going in one direction. I dodged off the trail whenever I heard anyone coming. Finally at the end of a week I 'llowed I was far enough away to be safe from dad and showed myself in a town. It was Colorado

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City, 200 miles from home. The first person that I saw, from the time that I left home until I reached the town, was a party that run a livery stable there.

"On that drag from home to Colorado City, I saw nothing but cattle, occasionally a herd of buffalo, a herd of antelope, a flock of turkeys and other wild game.

"I started to chin with the livery stable fellow and the first thing I said was:

"Where can a fellow get a job?"

"What can you do?"

"Anything that anyone else can". I told him.

"I wasn't bigger than a pint of cider, never was over 150 pounds when full grown. The fellow laughed and pointed to a double trail running West, going up a gentel raise, out of town. He said,

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""Follow that trail. The two run together, made so by cowhands riding side by side, to and from the '[CA\_6']', and other ranches. The trail will lead you to the 'CA\_'. If anyone in the section will hire you [?] Adair will'

"Pronto I lit out and landed at the 'CA\_' outfit late that evening. I rid up in front of the home-house, it was a big stone building and I hollered 'hello'. A woman came to the door and said:

"Howdy, stranger, what for you?"

"Is the boss man at home?"

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"No, not now, but I expect him in a short time. Light and cool your saddle. Come in and make yourself comfortable. I am cooking supper, so you all will have to excuse me. My husband will be in by supper time".

"I lit off my hoss and followed her into the house. There I could smell the chuck cooking and that got my tape worm real excited. I had run low on chuck and was hankering for chuck right smart.

"While Mrs Adair was fixing the grub, she would step in, now and then, and ask questions. She asked me what I wanted to see her husband about. I told her I was looking for a job. I could see that sort of surprised her. She asked me my name and that I didn't want to tell her, because I reckoned keeping my name a secret would prevent dad from finding me. I said to her I would rather not tell my name.' She didn't say anything for a minute, but was smiling and then said:

"Why don't you want to tell me your name? You don't look like a fellow that would rob a bank".

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["During the meal he asked for my name and where I was from. I told him the same as?]

"No, I have stole nothing, but don't want dad to find me".

"A run away boy, are you?". I had to admit it.

"It was not long until Adair dragged in and when he saw me he asked his wife;

"Where did you get this big man?"

"He lit a short spell ago and is looking for a job". She told him. He laughed and said, 'I think he is more interested in some chuck at this minute then a job'.

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"Mrs Adair told us to get ready for supper. Bill took me outside, behind the house, there was a pail of water and a washpan. We washed, then went to lining our flue. Adair said to me as we took our seats, 'Generally a good worker can do a good job of eating, now show me what you can do'.

"That was the best looking chuck, also, the best tasting that I have ever stuffed into my mouth. When I finished Adair said 'You can handle the chuck alright'.

"During the meal he asked for my name and where I was from. I told him the same as I did his wife. He kept after me, saying that he must have my name. 'I have to call you, can't just say here fellow'. he said. But I stayed put and finally he said: 'Kid you have plenty sand in your gizzard'.

"We agreed that I had to be called something, so must fix up a name. He named me Half Pint Emerson, and that name I had for four years.

"The next morning, after, breakfast, he said: 'Come on Half Pint, we are going to town'. We went to the pen and saddled two hosses. I suggested that I use my own pigskin saddle, because the stirrups were set to my size. But he would have none of it, saying 5 We use real saddles around here!. He pulled the stirrups up as far as they would go and then had to make extra holes in the straps before we could get a fit.

"We went to Colorado City. The first thing he did was to buy me a pair of California pants. The kind of pants all cowhands wore those days in that section. The pants were made from heavy woolen plaid cloth. He had the pants half-[soled?], as we called it. That was to reinforce the seat with soft leather, so they would stand the saddle wear.

"Nothing had been said about work since the night before, when he said that I was more interested in chuck than work.

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"When he bought the pants I calculated I had landed a job and was as happy as an oyster in its shell. He next took me to P.A. [?], the boot maker, who was rechoned reckoned next to Pete Hammersmith, of Balton, as being a top hand making boots. He bought me a \$12 pair of boots. Then an \$8 John B Stetson conk cover and a \$12 pair of spurs. He also, bought me a bandana and a jap silk handkerchief for a necktie.

"When he finished rigging me out he said: 'Now, Half Pint, all this is charged to you and your wages started this morning at \$25 a month. I know that I have hired the top cowhand in these parts'. I felt as big and as good as any of them.

"That is how I got started in the cow business. He, [?] first, took charge of me and I rod with him. He showed me the tricks and was a pert teacher. It was not long until I could go on my own. I then teamed up with Jess Kettles and we worked together all the while that I stayed on the 'CA\_'. 6 "The 'CA\_' grazed critters over about 60 sections of land, running around 10,000 head. There were 16 steady hands and extra hands was hired during branding season. We hands lived in a log ranch house. The house where the herds lived was called the ranch house and the owners home the ranch home, or Bull's [?].

"In the ranch house we slept on bunks and we waddies had to take care of our dump. We had our own cooky. Dog Face, is the only name, I recall, we had for him. He was a good cook and made dandy sourdough bread, was a good bean cook too. Lots of times he fixed us bean-hole beans. That is beans cooked in a hole. Dog Face would dig a hole in the ground, line the hole with stone, build a fire in the hole and keep it burning for several hours. Those stones would get pipping hot and then the hole was ready for the beans. He put the beans into an iron kettle with a tight cover and cover it with sand. Where they would be left for several hours. He seasoned the whistle-berries with bacon and molasses. I am telling you those beans were "fitting" to eat. Beef, beans, a few can vegetables, and dried fruit was the chief chuck on which we lived. Half of the time we ate the chuck sitting on our hunches behind the chuck wagon.

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"Adair did the top-screw work and was a swell fellow to work for. All the waddies swore by Bill. The second year I was there, he turned me loose to do my turn, line riding, night or day, and all other work.

"During my entire stay with the outfit we never had a bad stampede. The reason for that was that Adair kept his herd cleaned of beef critters, so there never was many old steers. The herd was mostly breeding cows and yearlings and those critters are not so quick on the run. It is the steers, that are a year old, and up, that are always looking for an excuse to run.

"In that section, at that time, were the Griffin, Buntons, J.F. Evans outfits. The 'Lazy X' owned by [Rob?] Slaughter and his brother, and the Carter outfit which was among the biggest ranches. They run around 30,000 head.

"That crowd of men run that country. They made the rules and enforced them. Them fellows were a square bunch that gave everybody a chance, but they stood their ground and backed up their law with a six-gun and that they were [?] to do.

"During the years of 1874-5-6, the price of cattle was so low that rustlers did not bother beef stock much, so I did not see much dealing with the kind. But the hoss rustler was busy, because good hosses was in demand and there were lot of good animals in that section.

"The system followed by that bunch of men in the Colorado City section, during the time I was there, was to get the goods on the rustler and then go to the fellow and tell him to stop it pronto. [?] they went to notify a rustler, they went unmasked, there was no secret about their work. If the rustler continued he would be hung up to dry, or given a short course in citizenship.

"I must tell about two deals with rustlers to show how they were delt with.

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"There was a family that had a good reputation in that section, but the two boys of the family were caught up with rustling hosses. Adair, Evans and Slaughter, went to the boys home and told 8 them to stop stealing. Afterwards they were seen in the act again.

"A number of men went to the boy's [home and?] demanded that they come out. But, they refused. They were in the attic of the log house and it was dangerous to go in after them, because the boys could brand everyone that stepped inside. They ordered the parents to move their furniture outside, if they wanted it saved, which they did. That being done fire was set to the house. The boys soon came running out and were shot down. That log house was replaced for the folks.

Another young lad continued rustling hosses after being notified. He was placed on his hoss and a rope around his neck, with one end of the rope tied to a limb the hoss was driven out from under him, there he was left.

"Adair moved his range to New Mexico, in 1878. He had reduced his herd to around 4,000 and we drove those to the foot of the Capitan Mountains. That is about 50 miles Northwest of Roswell. The herd consisted of breeding cows and the bulls. We had several little runs, but each was easily handled. We arrived there with the herd in good shape and a very few lost.

"After the drive to the Capitan Mountain section, I quit and returned home at Gatesville. I had been gone four years and had increased in size from a half pint to about a quart. It was just getting dusk as I rod up in front of the house. I followed the custom of those days and hollered, 'hello'.

"I saw mother come to the door and she answered:

"'Hello stranger, what be you all wanting?'"



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"Can I stay the night with you all?" 9 "Light and come in. I have never turned a stranger away yet and pray God will never let me". She said.

"I took my hoss, the same one I rod away on, back to the yard and staked it, then walked into the house. I kept my "JB" on and sort of pulled it over my eyes. Mother placed a chair in front of the fire place and said, 'rest your self stranger'.

"She went in the kitchen and came back with a coal-oil lamp. That she placed on the mantel. While she was fixing to light it she asked:

"What may your name be, stranger?"

"They call me Half Pint Emerson"

"Where you all from?"

"From the West".

"I have a boy, Henry, Henry Young, is his name. He left here four years ago and we have not heard hide or hair from him since. By chance you may have met up with Henry?"

"When she asked the last question the lamp was lit and she had turned around and was looking straight at me. She didn't wait for me to answer, but asked. 'Are you Henry?' I began to smile and at the same time tears crowded my eyes and the corners of my/ mouth began to quiver. Before I could say a word she said 'God has blessed me Its my bot'.

"Dad soon came in and he was pleased to find me back. In fact, he acted sort of proud of me. I had calculated on getting a piece of his mind and was mighty glad of the welcome home.

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"After telling the folks what I had been doing, Dad told me I had returned just in time for work. Captain Hal Mosby was buying 10 in that section and dad was herding those for him until he had enough to make a driving herd.

"I want to work gathering critters for Mosby and followed that work for five years. The last year I took charge of a 5,000 herd that we drove through to the Little Powder/ Horn River, near Miles Montana, I delivered the cattle to Tom Traywick, a Texan, who was top-screw for Hal Mosby on the Montana ranch.

"It took me 18 months to make the round trip. I was 12 months making the drive there, and my loss was 150 critters. All my loss was caused from foot-sore and those critters we had to drop. It was reckoned as a top job of driving.

"The main reason for the good drive was due to the kind of critters we had. The animals were all first class stock. Then we had fair weather during the first two months of the drive. During that time the animals became use to the drive and worked easily and continued to be less troublesome as we went along. The few scares that we had, that the critters started to run, we got the herd to milling and settled down pronto. I, also, had a good bunch of hands that knew how and when to do things. There were 14 of us. I used two waddies in the lead and four men on each point. What I mean by the point is the men that/ [?] rod at the side of the herd to keep the critters pointed ahead. I had two waddies as extra men to take the big end of night riding. I had a hoss wrangler and a cooky and that constituted the crew. In that crowd was Jim Hall, the cooky, Tom Ward, Tom Smith, Jim Green, Jack Peavy and Joe Franks that I recall their names. The others were called by their nicknames, such as Sandy, Blacky and the likes. 11 "We crossed the Red River at Doans Crossing and drove through the western part of the Territory on into Kansas. We crossed the Arkansas River near Liberty and the Republican in Nebraska, West of Lincoln. We crossed the Platt River near North Platt and then hit in to S. Dak. skirting the Black Hills on the West and then into Wyoming, from there we traveled North into the Miles City, Mont, section. By the time we arrived those critters had learned to swim like a bunch of

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seals. At first we had a pert lot of trouble crowding the animals into the water, but as we went along, crossing stream after stream, they finally took to the water when we hit a stream without hesitating.

“When I returned home, after the drive, I was sort of fed up on cattle work and got to hankering for something else. I was trying to make up my mind what I wanted to do and decided to jiggle over into the Double Mountain section, around Stonewall, Co, and look that country over. Tom Smith was with me and we hit for the Double Mountain Ranch for sort of a friendly call and maybe go to work if they needed hands. On that trip was the only time I got an [Indian?] scare during the whole time I was on the range.

“We had arrived in the section of the Double Mountain Ranch, but was lost, as far as the location of the ranch was concerned. We had spent a day trying to get our bearings and had not met up with a soul. We were off the regular trails and that was the reason for our troubles. We had slept that night with the tape worm yelling for food, because we ran short of chuck. The next morning we run onto a bunch of critters, which showed that we getting back where we should be, but the proper direction was still a matter of chance. 12 When we spied the critters, the first thought that entered our conks, was to line our flues. We picked out a calf, that would make a nice veal roast, and roped it. When the rope smeared the critter, it let out a bawl and kept it up, of course, until we had cut its throat. About that time we heard traveling hosses and looked up, coming over a raise were a bunch of Indians headed straight for us.

“We never stopped to take our rope off the calf, but hit for hosses and dragged off with the Indians following us. We rod about a mile when we spied a draw and into that we hit pronto. We dismounted and run off a piece from our hosses. We found a rock which gave us a hiding place. Each of us took off our cartridge belt, those we placed in front of us and got our six-shooters ready. We calculated on getting all the Indians we could before we went down.

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"When we left our hosses, the Indians went into a huddle. They were gesticulating and pointing towards where we were. Of course, we reckoned that they were trying to decide on the best move to get us without getting branded themselves. Finally three of them started to ride towards us and one of them had a rag tied on his gun holding it in the air. That indicated they wanted a parley and we let the three come up to us.

"The Indians were Tonkawas, and of course friendly. One of them could talk enough English to be easily understood. He told us they were a hunting party camped over the hill and that when they heard the calf bawl they thought it was a wolf pulling down a calf. When they saw us run they realized that they had scared us from our meal and wanted to catch up with us to tell us they ment no harm. We returned for our rope and they directed us to 13 the ranch. I stayed at the ranch three days and returned home, but Smith went to work.

"What I have said about covers all my dealings with the range. A shor spell after that I went to work railroading and that I followed the rest of my active life.

"There is one more thing I want to mention and that is the rigging the cowhands wore, expecially the bandanna. I have been asked time and time again about why the cowhand wore a bandanna around his neck. Some folks believe it was worn as an ornament of dress. Well, the bandanna was not wore for looks. It was a useful part of our rigging and we used it in many different ways. When the cowhand was away from the rnach house it was used as a towel. After/ washing at a stream we would wipe on the bandanna and then hang it on the nub of the saddle to dry, and there it would dry pronto. In a pinch it was used as a tie string, or a bandage in case of a wound. It was used to protect the eyes from the sun glare, by pulling it up over the face just under the eyes. Also, by pulling it close around the neck during a rain storm the bandanna keeps the rain from dripping down your neck. It also, keeps the wind from blowing down the neck and chilling the [?].

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"Some of the boys wore a hankershief for dress porpose. That was what we called, those days, the jap silk hankerchief. It was used as a necktie, because it was easily washed and dried and would not wrinkle all out of shape. It met the cowhands needs in that it could be kept clean easily by him and looked good.

"The big hat is the proper conk cover for one living outside in this Southwest country. During the summer when the old heater 14 gets to shooting its hot rays, the head needs the protection that the large rim and high crown gives. The chaps, of course, were/ worn mostly in the brush country for protection of the legs.